

# Good Morning 301

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Has three Navy boys—Mrs. Ann Sturgess

MRS. MARY ANN STURGESS, Anderson's Cottage, Brownhill, Tunstall, Stoke-on-Trent, is a proud woman, because she has three sons in the Royal Navy.

Ordinary Seaman John Sturgess, who is in the Submarine Service, will be glad to know his brothers—Eric, a naval gunner serving in a merchantman, and David, a leading stoker in a gunboat—were both O.K., according to the most recent letters received from them.

When we called at the little home overlooking Westport Lake, Mother was out shopping. Dad was home on the sick-list, but getting on fine, and sister Alice was cooking fish for dinner. Someone had had a real good catch, for fish is a luxury these days, and with a generous basting of butter the dish looked very attractive. Ma arrived in time for her "ration," with lots more rations in the bag.

Sister Alice's little daughter, Rita, is longing to see her three sailor uncles, and the three cats—Tibbles, Smutty and Dinkie—will be just as pleased as Peter, the budgie, to have them home again, even if it's only for a few hours' leave.

And as for Rover, he's your real pal, Eric, but he didn't like us; and he let us know it, too! Maybe it was our camera! Talk about a Sailors' Home,

YOU can call this story the Drama of the Dandelions. In the year 1921, Herbert Rowse Armstrong, solicitor, of Hay, Herefordshire, made up twenty little packets of arsenic to kill twenty little dandelion roots in his garden. He killed nineteen, and forgot about the twentieth. That is what HE said.

The police found the twentieth packet in his pocket; and THEY said that he had used the other packets to kill, not dandelions, but his wife; and to attempt to kill a rival solicitor.

Dandelions grow on graves in Herefordshire; but no dandelion grows where Herbert R. Armstrong was buried.

The curiosity of the case was that there was not a clue about his wife's murder until Armstrong tried to murder his solicitor rival; and then the clue ran backward and convicted him of the first crime.

Armstrong was quite a successful solicitor. He lived in a pleasant house called Mayfield, in the village of Cusop, just outside Hay. His wife was rather inclined to consider herself of local importance. She demanded obedience to her will, and some said she was not quite right in her mind. She had fits of melancholy, and her bodily health began to suffer. Armstrong told the local doctor that she had threatened to leave home because "a warrant was out for her arrest." Really, there was no warrant out for her arrest, and she was taken to Barnwood Asylum.

There she improved greatly, and Armstrong got her home; but symptoms, which had puzzled the doctor, returned. She had fits of vomiting and her hands and feet became numb. One month after returning home she died, and was buried in the churchyard of Cusop.



this is one indeed, with pictures of seadogs all over the place. And, by the way, all at home were pleased with your nautical card, which

had just arrived with a cheery message that all appreciated. All's well—and Good Hunting!

## "Basher" is stocking king

"WHO'S the double of Peter Lorre?" I asked a friend when we were sitting in Hollywood's Brown Derby.

He followed my gaze; his eyes rested upon a dark-haired, tough-looking young fellow, dressed in immaculate evening clothes.

"That, my friend," said the Hollywood newspaperman, who was acting as my guide, "is the world's highest-paid stocking king. Hold on a minute, I'll call him over."

And that was how I met Hollywood's "Maestro of the Stocking." His name is Willy De Mond, and he is one of the highest-paid men in the world.

De Mond, not so many years ago, was one of America's most promising boxers. As a matter of fact, he knocked out 83 opponents before deciding to quit the ring and try his skill at acting.

Because of his formidable appearance he was immediately typed as a gangster.

So successful was Willy De Mond that he took part in 43

pictures before he realised that there was more money to be made out of stockings!

During the course of his studio work De Mond noticed that several men were always delivering stockings to the property office. He became friendly with the "prop. man," and discovered that the studio paid high prices for their stars' hose.

"What these dames need is a new-type stocking," the prop. man said to De Mond over lunch one day. "They're never satisfied. I reckon they'd pay a fortune to get a pair of stockings that'd make the other stars jealous."

Willy De Mond went home and began to draw designs upon a fashionable pair of hose he had bought at an expensive establishment.

When he had completed his task the stockings looked wonderfully attractive. The next thing to do was to interest a great star in them.

Soon Willy De Mond's stockings were the talk of the film city.

His orders began to increase and profits were large. Then Willy De Mond opened his first store. It was a sumptuous place, and soon became the meeting-place of the stars.

It was for this special public that Willy catered, but soon fashions wanted to follow the fashions worn by their favourites, and De Mond, ex-fighter turned hosiery designer, turned his attention towards them.

It was when the various film studios began to patronise his establishment that Willy De Mond realised his biggest ambition—to make

his stockings internationally famous.

His most expensive pair, made for a star who, strange as it may seem, wanted to remain in the background, cost £5,000!

They were of the finest silk, and had designs in gold and pearls on them. Willy De Mond, when he delivered these stockings, so I am told, had an armoured car to take them to the star's apartment.

Outstanding among De Mond's present customers are Betty Grable and Alice Faye. Both, in various films, show their legs to great advantage; and De Mond is adding to his bank balance by making a thorough and successful job of "glamourising their timbers" by producing really wonderful stockings for them.

Alice Faye has been known to spend £4 on each stocking. Of course, they are first-class products, but cannot stand up for ever to the wear they get. That is why a star's stocking bill for a year is often very large.

Many of Betty Grable's recent films have included dance scenes, and this means orders for Willy De Mond. In one place, and soon became the meeting-place of the stars.

He laid in large stocks of raw materials before the Japs struck at Pearl Harbour, which sent so many of his rivals out of business.

Now among the most wealthy men in the United States, De Mond is still as quiet and retiring as he was before fame and fortune went his way.

JOHNSON KING,

# THIS BECAME THE DEADLY DRAMA OF DANDELIONS!

"Every crook must forget"  
—Stuart Martin tells how



the remark, "Excuse fingers," and the assurance that the scone would be liked very much. There were also some buttered slices of currant bread. But there was no business satisfaction for the visiting solicitor.

It was half-past six when that gentleman took his leave—and he was not long home when he became ill, and a doctor was sent for, although he did not diagnose the symptoms as poison.

But Mr. Davis, father-in-law of Martin, remembered the chocolates, and spoke to the doctor about them. An analysis of the contents of Martin's stomach revealed arsenic.

Major Armstrong, however, steadily kept urging Mr. Martin to "come again" and have tea, but by this time the police were on the job.

They watched Armstrong without him knowing they were watching. They were concealed in the local church tower, from which eyrie they could see his movements. Scotland Yard was behind the watching now.

On December 21st, 1921, Major Armstrong was arrested by Detective Inspector Crutchett and the local deputy chief constable. They had proof that Armstrong had been buying arsenic by the quarter-pound.

When he was searched they found in his waistcoat pocket a small packet of the poison. The charge against him was attempted murder of his rival. But more was to follow. His wife's remains were exhumed, and then he faced a graver charge—that of murder.

He was tried before Mr. Justice Darling, and his explanation of the arsenic was that he had bought it to kill dandelions in his garden. He had, he said, made twenty small packets of the arsenic, each packet to be fed to the roots of dandelions. He had done so in nineteen instances, he said, and he had forgotten to administer the twentieth. He did not (he said) know that each of these small packets was a fatal dose for a human being.

The defence stressed that there was no direct evidence to prove that he had administered the poison to his wife; but the answer to that was that he had had every opportunity to do so, and that he had the time and motive for

doing so. He was constantly alone with her, and the packets were ready to be tipped into food.

The prosecution declared that this sedate Major solicitor had consistently dosed his wife; that he had forged the second will; that his wife could not possibly have taken the arsenic herself, for she was bedridden and so weak as to be unable to help herself.

Lord Darling put his finger on the weak spot when, in his summing-up, he said: "Why did the prisoner go to the trouble of making up twenty little packets, one for each dandelion, instead of taking the amount he had, making a hole, and giving each dandelion some of it? Can you believe him that on one and the same evening he used all those little packets in killing dandelions? . . . The question is whether he gave arsenic to his wife. I say you can see for yourselves how easy it was to put some arsenic into the food."

Well, Armstrong said that nineteen dandelions died. And the Home Office saw to it that so did he. The twentieth packet, which he had forgotten, hanged him.

But perhaps the most remarkable aspect of this murder was not the method of the crime, but the attitude of the criminal. I saw Major Armstrong in the dock. He seemed still, even there, to bear himself as if he was a superior kind of being to those in his immediate surroundings.

I was told that when that tiny packet of poison was taken from his waistcoat pocket by the police he never even changed colour. He maintained his pose of almost condescension to the officers.

It may have been his training as a solicitor that gave him this stand-offish mentality, and his desire to be called "Major." He never seemed to feel that the charge against him was a disgrace to himself and his children and the wreck of his career. When he was told that "anything he might say" would be taken down in writing, he never flinched or made the slightest move. He was on his guard.

This inscrutability remained with him during the whole following proceedings. He was a vain man. Even his explanation of the twentieth packet was made without much apparent desire to be believed.

One of the great daily newspapers offered him £5,000 for his "confession." The money would have put his children beyond the reach of want; but he refused it.

When the verdict was pronounced he still preserved the same aloofness. He never bothered much, except to say he was innocent. But so many say that.

I can tell you another thing about him. He remained the "Major" to the last. He seemed even to consider the chaplain who gave him his last "consolation" as a being who was to be borne with. He stepped on the gallows with quite a firm tread. Some said it was self-conceit that bore him up—until he dropped down.



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# A Bandit Captured

WITH strong memories of the disgusting fish-and-rice diet I had had to stomach under Aguerro, I determined to improve matters now that I reigned in his stead. I picked out three Indians who were both intelligent and good shots, and supplied them with shotguns. They worked in shifts, one day hunting and two days at home.

The scheme worked splendidly. The house was always stocked with fresh and smoked meat; pig, deer, monkey, sachá vaca, or river cow, the native turkeys called pouils, and many other kinds of game. The peons ate almost as well as I did.

Now and again I would send a runner over to La Chorrera to hand a smoked pig or haunch of venison to the general manager with my compliments, or a basket of frogs' legs when the rains made them available. Nothing greases the wheels of commerce like an occasional well-timed present, particularly in the remoter part of Peru. And they cost me nothing.

When I took over Abisinia the armed guard consisted of twenty-seven men. In about a month I decided that it was sheer waste to maintain this small army, eating its head off

and smoking cigarettes. If any Indian really meant to murder me he could easily pick me off as I walked through the bush. So I selected a good cook and five reliable boys, and packed the other twenty-one back to headquarters to try a little honest work for a change.

At that time there were 175 Indian rubber-gatherers on the estate. The news of the fall of the old regime spread far and wide through the jungle. Every day, as I went about my work, I could see from the corner of my eye unknown Indians watching me doubtfully from behind trees and bushes. If I turned my head to look at them they vanished without a sound. So I pretended not to notice them, and little by little they became reassured. In a few weeks 125 runaway labourers had returned to work. I paid them their wages without asking questions, and they cut their rubber in larger quantities than ever. Half the knack of running men is knowing when to be blind.

I persuaded Tizon to wipe out all the peons' debts, and allow them to start with a clean slate. Then I arranged for the Indians to have one month's holiday after each three months' work. This system gave them time to do their hunting and fishing, grow their little crops, and hold their beloved jamborees and fiestas. Even an Indian is the better for an occasional spree.

The plan worked well. The first three months yielded 11,700 kilos of rubber; the previous year had been 11,000 for an entire year.

I began to visit the Borra and Ocaïne, neighbouring tribes of Indians, and soon became on good terms with them. The Ocaïne are almost white, the men handsome, and the women often beautiful, with black silky hair reaching nearly to their knees.

The Indians lived in huge, round, thatched houses, like circus tents, sometimes as many as two hundred men, women and children—and insects—inhabiting one dwelling. I have spent a night in these tribal houses when arriving too late into the village to have a shelter erected for my private use. As they have no chimneys, I know now just how a kipper feels when smoked.

Usually the cacique would offer me a ceremonial chew of dried coca leaf, the raw material from which cocaine is extracted, just like an American business man presenting a stranger with a cigar. I chewed coca a few times, out of curiosity, but it did not have any effect on me. The Indians say it helps them to keep going when tired, and since a man will trot all day with a burden of fifty kilos they seem to be right.

I learned a good deal of their language, but I could never induce them to explain the bush wireless system of signalling with drums. That was a secret which no racootee, or white man, ought to know. All my questioning was met by feigned stupidity. Nothing could make them

## EL SEÑOR BURKY

### The Exciting Life Story of a Roving Adventurer

#### PART XI

understand. But they were quite pleased to transmit any of my messages, and I was often able to recall men I wanted from distances of more than thirty miles.

The drums are made from two logs, between six and seven feet in length, one eighteen and the other thirty inches in circumference. The logs are hollowed out by fire through a narrow lengthways slit. When ready for use the drums are tilted to an angle of twenty-five degrees, the bottoms resting on the ground. Holding a baton of tough rubber, the drummer stands between the logs and beats out his message, striking both logs rhythmically in ever-varying sequence. The small log gives out a much

of Europeans. He was always inciting the Indians to desert the plantations. Alcorta had made many unsuccessful attempts to capture or entice him in.

Some of my guards surprised Coonenhache and overpowered him, afterwards bringing him to me. They accused him of infringing on their territory and stealing. Now, although he was a bad hat, I had a certain amount of sympathy for him, feeling that he had had considerable provocation. So I clapped him in the stocks, meaning to deliver him to Alcorta with a recommendation to mercy.

But that night my Indians approached in a body, headed by their chief, and demanded Coonenhache. They were about to hold a feast and a dance, at which the captured outlaw would be slain. I am certain that they did not intend to eat him, for the Peruvian aboriginals are not cannibals, merely boiling down the heads of their enemies to extract the small bones for ornaments. But they were quite determined to cut my prisoner's throat. Once that had been done, it seemed of little importance to me whether they garnished his cadaver with arum lilies or boiled yams.

They were in such an ugly mood that I dared not give them direct refusal. It might have caused a mutiny, which would have slowed down rubber production. So I told them that I must keep Coonenhache for a few days, in order to get some information from him. Once that had been done my Indians could take him away and do what they liked with him. The cacique argued and protested, pointing out that all arrangements had been made and guests invited. This last-minute hitch was most provoking.

I refused to give in, however, and at length my Indians departed, grumbling angrily. To make sure that they did not steal him in spite of my orders, I posted an armed guard over Coonenhache, where he sat in the stocks.

When the Indians were safely out of sight I told the guard to explain the position to Coonenhache. As soon as Coonenhache had thoroughly grasped it, which ought not to take long, the guard was to unlock the stocks and give the prisoner ten minutes' start. Then he was to fire off his rifle and yell out that Coonenhache had been let out to stretch his legs, had seized the chance and bolted. To avoid suspicion I

#### Answers to Brain Teasers in No. 300

1. THE MAGIC FLUTE.
2. RECRUDESCENT, ROCOCO.
3. FELL, TELL, TILL, TILE, TIME, LIME, LIMP, LUMP, JUMP.
4. DEAD, READ, ROAD, ROOD, ROOT, RIOT, RIFT, LIFT, LIFE.
5. HAIR, FAIR, FAIL, FOIL, FOOL, WOOL.
6. SNOW, SHOW, SHOT, SOOT, BOOT, BOLT, BELT, MELT.
7. CAR, MAR, RAM, ERA, ARM, ACE, MAE.
8. CAME, REAM, MACE, RACE, CARE, MARE.

shriller note than the large one, and the effect is like someone ringing the changes on a piano with only two keys in working order.

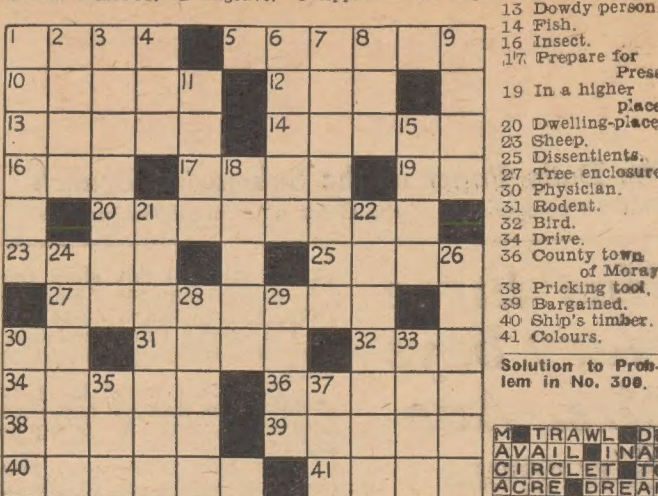
Every few minutes the drummer will pause and listen for the faint and distant booming which is either answering or relaying the message still farther through the jungle. Most of the drumming takes place at night, when sound travels better. When nearly all of the men are out at the height of the rubber-gathering, the throbbing of the hollow logs lasts from sunset until dawn, as they pound out orders, information, and perhaps the local scandal.

Later on I had an experience with a bandit.

Coonenhache was a desperado who had taken to the bush under the old regime, when a white man had taken his wife for a concubine without bothering to ask his permission. He was armed with a Winchester and shotgun, and had ambushed, killed and wounded a number

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Engrave. 5 Approach. 10 Page. 12 Piece of tree.



CLUES DOWN. 1 Rub out. 2 Rent. 3 Untidy state. 4 Personal pronoun. 6 Demand. 7 Maintain. 8 Urge. 9 Footfall. 11 Unfold. 15 Stringed instrument. 18 Preclude. 21 Abstains from. 22 Bunch of flowers. 24 Spiral of screw. 26 Side tracks. 28 Answering call. 29 Marsh plant. 30 Weapon. 33 Distance. 35 Comrade. 37 Guided.

got into bed, tucked in the mosquito curtain, and pretended to sleep.

Soon I heard the expected shots and shouting, followed by a terrific hullabaloo from the Indian village. Delighted with the opportunity to tell lies officially, the guard gave a convincing and water-tight account of the escape. The

Indians were furious, grabbed up guns and machetes, and set out in pursuit. But, knowing that they meant business, Coonenhache put his best foot foremost and got clear away. My men were very sulky when they returned empty-handed next day.

(To be continued)

## PINCH STEAK, TWO VEG.

SOUNDS odd, we know—but maybe that's a pre-view of a future meal. Or so, at least, these scientist blokes keep telling us. In other words—it's the latest word in dehydration.

It all began with powdered eggs; we won't bother you about that, because you already know. "Just like natural eggs," they tell us. Only snag is that they don't reveal the approximate age or nationality of said "natural eggs."

And listen to the latest: If these dehydraters have their way, you'll be able to picnic on Hampstead Heath with a dozen bananas, several pounds of apples and oranges, a couple of dozen oysters, just a snack of turtle soup, and several cups of cha—and take the whole caboodle along with you in your waistcoat pocket (if you wear a waistcoat). One thing the scientist blokes forget, however, is, "Who is going to carry the several gallons of water along to the Heath to re-hydrate the meal?"

Already, some wise investors are thinking of supplying all "Good Pull-ups" and restaurants with dehydrated foods; in fact, just like they are now. They save a lot of time, labour—and, of course, money.

Maybe in the Post-War Years To Come we'll be seeing tri-

cycles trundling round with a water tank attached, with the sign, "Stop Me and Buy an Oyster—or Banana—or What Have You?"

Serious side of the subject of dehydration, however, is that it will cut down the whole immense job of feeding the starving continents of Europe and Asia when once the Jerries and Japs have been stuck in their proper places.

To show you how it works—look at this example:—A 2lb. jar of dehydrated tea can make approximately three thousand cups—fourteen times as much as the ordinary.

And that proportion holds good for most beverages or foods.

It means that fourteen times as much shipping or aircraft space would be needed to ship the same amount of ordinary food. The implication in time-saving for feeding the peoples of Europe and Asia is obvious.

But when the whole war and its aftermath are over, there's one fond thought we hold in mind:

We're looking forward to the day when we can walk into a grocer's and say, "Three months' supply of beer, please"—and walk away with it in our waistcoat pocket.

Or maybe we wouldn't have to add water—we'd have to add alcohol.

Well, we knew there'd be a snag, anyway!

## QUIZ for today

1. Lillibullero is an Indian war cry, kind of cloth, dance, name of a song, Spanish drink, Scottish sword?
2. Who wrote (a) Werner, (b) Werther?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Ultramarine, Cobalt, Indigo, Turquoise, Gamboge?
4. What flower is shown on the brass threepenny-bit?
5. At what town can you see the sun set twice on the same day?
6. Who was Don Quixote's companion?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Lothario, Lotus, Locomobile, Lianna, Libidinus, Lethargy?
8. What are the first names

- of (a) Stokowski, (b) Toscanini?
9. Who was known as Bluff King Hal?
10. What well-known singer took her name from an Australian city?
11. Who was Samson's wife?
12. Name six Biblical characters whose names begin with M.

#### Answers to Quiz in No. 300

1. Extract from a book.
2. (a) E. F. Benson. (b) Anthony Hope.
3. Tiger is carnivorous; others vegetarian.
4. Ido, Volapuk, Idiom Neutral, Interlingua, Novial, Inter-glossa.
5. Wren, on the farthing.
6. Henry VIII.
7. Gehenna, Generate.
8. Shakespeare.
9. Corsican.
10. Penguin, Ostrich, Kiwi, Emu.
11. Wattle, or Mimosa.
12. (a) Forty Thieves, (b) Wonderful Lamp.

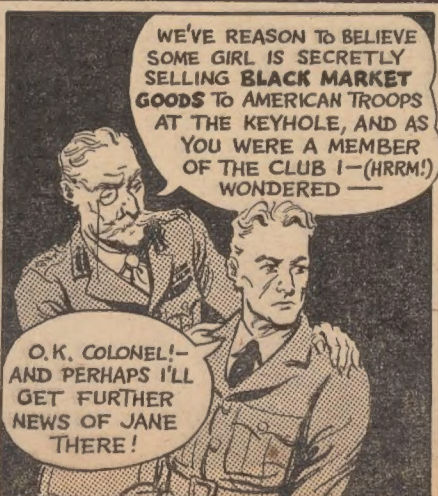
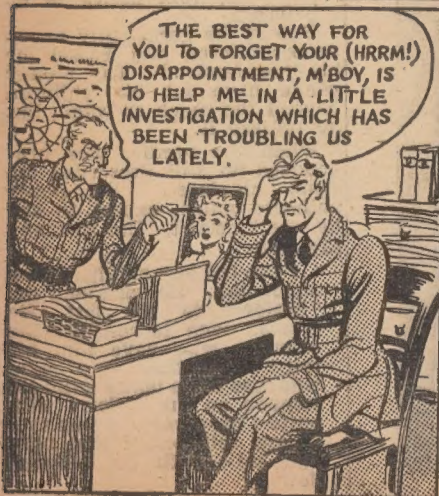
## WANGLING WORDS—256

1. Put a floor-covering in DGET, and make another floor-covering.
2. Rearrange the letters of OIL GO BAD, to make an Italian leader.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: JOHN into JANE, BUNG into BEER, BUCK into DOES, LEG into BYE.
4. How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from GRASSHOPPER?

#### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 255

- 1.—Presto.
- 2.—EISENHOWER.
- 3.—BIRD, BARD, BAND, BEND, BEAD, BEAM, TEAM, TRAM, TRAP.
- 4.—NEXT, NEAT, BEAT, BEAK, WEAK, WEEK.
- 5.—TEN, TON, CON, COT, NOT, NET.
- 6.—SNAP, SLAP, SLAT, SEAT, PEAT, PERT, PART, HART, CART, CARS, CATS, PATS, PANS.
- 7.—Team, Mate, Over, Rove, Ever, Rest, Stir, Star, Arts, Teem, Time, Mite, Item, Emit, Test, Tier, Rite, Tire, Stem, Meat, Mere, Ream, Mare, Move, etc.
- 8.—Steer, Sever, Smite, Items, Treat, Trove, Overt, Moist, Mover, Rover, etc.

## JANE





## SINGING BROUGHT THEM FILM FAME

**T**RILL a torrid torch tune with a hot-name band and wind up a film star. That's the road to celluloid renown which many a ranking glamour gal has followed.

If the splash they have made in Hollywood's talent-stocked pool is any criterion, warbling with a leading orchestra becomes a lassie's surest spring-board to film fame. The number of those who have taken the jump is legion.

the jump is legion. Ginny Simms presents a glittering example. For several years featured songstress with Kay Kyser and his band, Ginny won new admirers as ingenue in movie stunts with Kyser.

Her efforts at acting improved with each new picture—to such an extent that she has been tabbed for stardom by M.-G.-M. and is currently heading, with George Murphy, a cast of leading players in the Technicolor musical, "Broadway Rhythm."

A black and white portrait of a woman, likely from the early 20th century. She is wearing a tall, dark, conical hat with a band. Her hair is styled in a bun at the back. She is looking slightly upwards and to the right. She is wearing a high-collared dress with ruffles and a necklace with large, round pendants. The image has a grainy, halftone texture.

Lena Horne

leading lady in blonde Marilyn Maxwell. Marilyn arrived in Hollywood eighteen months ago after vocalising with leading dance bands.

Lena Horne sang both with Noble Sissle and Charlie Barnett until M.-G.-M. opened its eyes—and its gates—to her possibilities as a screen personality. Tommy Dorsey furnished shapely Julie Gibson, making her initial film appearance in "And the Angels Sing."

Not all one-time dance-band singers are screen newcomers. Dorothy Lamour is one of the brightest luminaries to come forth from behind a microphone.

Dottie sang with Herbie Kay's band. As a  
singing girl, she won more wide-eyed fans  
than as a vocalist.

Paramount offered her a chance to combine both talents in a series of tropical musicals, and the rest is history.



## Roosevelt's Mother Sees Son Caricatured

SO a young fellow at a New York night club was giving an imitation of her son, was he? Well, she'd go and have a look at it. That's how it happened the up-and-doing Mrs. Sara Roosevelt marched straight into the famous Rainbow Room, New York, one eventful night, and caught Dean Murphy right in his act.

And was his face green! No wonder. For his impersonation of President Roosevelt in one of his famous fireside chats was a bit on the satirical side. What would the President's mother possibly think of it? No matter. He had to go through with the thing.

That done, he was due for a further shock. The vital, silver-haired lady, on whom all eyes were turned admiringly, beckoned him to her table. Now, that wretched youth told himself, he was really in for it.

"My dear young man," began the First Mother of the Land pleasantly, "you certainly amused me. My son has a wonderful sense of humour. Would you be kind enough to come down to the White House and entertain him?"

Three weeks later, Dean Murphy received the magic letter inviting him to the White House. There, he gave his imitation of the Chief Executive before an audience made up of the President, his mother, Cabinet members and their wives, and guests from New York, numbering in all about 100. Mr. Roosevelt roared with laughter, and after the performance declared, "Young man, you sound more like Franklin Roosevelt than I do."

Since then, his favourite entertainer has made no fewer than sixteen other visits to the White House. Mr. Roosevelt and he have come to know each other so well that now and then they have their little joke.

Mrs. Roosevelt's interest in Murphy continued from first to the last. Shortly before her death, Murphy had a letter from her. His fondest memory of her goes back to his first visit to the White House. Meeting him at the outside door of the East Room, the great mother of a great man urged the young stranger: "Go in there, do anything you like—and don't pull any punches."

R. R.





A scene in Wiltshire. The old Roman Bridge over Bybrook, near Castle Combe.

**BERYL FRASER**  
of the Lyric Theatre,  
London, does a little  
beach exercise



Now if it was "Pig's Ear" we could understand the cat taking a mouthful.



## PUPPY LOVE

There's nothing like "mutual interest" for cementing friendship, is there?



JOY OF "SPRING"



Believe it or not, but Max, Moritz and Pop are credited with being Mahjong experts. Moritz certainly looks the part. Maybe he's deciding the date of Hitler's funeral, who knows.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Ma goodness —mahjong."

